

Dreams, Kanaya reflected, were often defined by a strange combination of ethereal impermanence and a mental *stickiness* – they faded from your mind soon after you awoke, but they had a way of leaving marks behind. Marks that followed you through the day. Marks that wouldn't leave you, no matter how much you tried to turn your mind to other things. Marks that turned into scars over time, and then you could never really be *free* of the dreams at all.

“...I said, do you want cream?” Rose. Rose was talking. Kanaya looked up, her eyes focusing on her wife's face.

Dreams that were always the same. Suffocating. Struggling desperately to cry out but tasting only the tang of her own blood in her throat. And then... that was something she came to crave. Came to need. Came to...

“Oh... yes, I suppose I do. Thank you, darling.” Kanaya tried to hide the distraction in her voice, but it wasn't successful. Rose frowned.

“Okay, seriously, what's wrong, Kanaya?” Rose set the two cups of coffee down on the table and took the seat across from Kanaya.

All around them, the morning sun was filtering in through large, glass windows. Earth-C's daylight cycle was much the same, Rose had told Kanaya once, as it was on the Earth that Rose once called home. Kanaya was especially a fan of the early morning – how the sun crested the horizon and set the world ablaze with brilliant light. How it gave her the widest gap between waking and having to face the dreaming world yet again...

“I have, perhaps, been sleeping somewhat poorly as of late. Please do not worry yourself overly much about it, darling.” She managed a smile that she desperately hoped was calming. “And how did *you* sleep?”

Rose smiled. “Oh... I actually slept okay last night. No dreams this time.”

And thank whatever Gods watch over us for that, Kanaya thought.

It had been two years since they had come to Earth-C, by Kanaya's reckoning. The first year had been rough – Rose had woken up a lot, plagued by visions of terrible things from beyond the Furthest Ring. So many nights that she'd sat there trembling in Kanaya's arms while Kanaya rocked her softly and whispered to her that yes, it was going to be okay.

Kanaya reached a long-fingered hand out towards Rose and the human woman took it, threading their fingers together.

"I'm glad, darling," Kanaya said, her voice low and lilting. It was the beginning of a new day – a blissful period of maybe eighteen or twenty hours when she could live her life without dreading the next moment. Kanaya could see her friends, continue to build their community, and love her wife without fear. Twenty hours, on the high end. Any more than that and she either needed to sleep... or dreaded the coming hours of darkness so much that she could think of nothing else.

Her smile stayed in place as she gently massaged Rose's outstretched hand. It was peaceful and pleasant right now and it felt like it would stretch on forever. In the small moments, that was all that mattered.

Kanaya awoke again, her mind first working on sheer terror – then, as that initial hit of adrenaline wore off, wondering where the day had gone. What had she and Rose done? Breakfast. They walked outside for a while. Worked in the garden. Saw Jade for lunch. The rest seemed to skim by under the surface, and then it had been time for Kanaya to face the same nightly routine she'd been staring down for the past... what was it... four months?

Next to her, Rose slumbered silently, her breathing even and measured. Kanaya sighed, leaning over to kiss her wife on the cheek.

Sleep, darling, and don't dream... or if you do, please dream of me.

Kanaya allowed herself that one selfish thought and smiled. She slipped out of the bed, her bare feet cool against the wooden floor of the bedroom she shared with Rose. It was still dark but Kanaya could see as well as if it were lit by the noon sun. She found her way over to her recliner

in the corner – the one she sat in to read when the sun slanted in through the windows in the late afternoon and bathed the room in beautiful golden light.

The one she sat in and thought when the nighttime musings became too much for her mind to bear to ignore.

It was hard to remember the specifics of the dreams. She tasted blood, but not in the way to which she had become accustomed as a Rainbow Drinker. Instead, it was the taste of frailty and death – it reminded her of the first time she died. The rest was all jumbled images and feelings – nothing made any sense.

It didn't feel like how Rose described her own dreams. Those had a dark *longing* quality to them – the pull of the HorrorTerrors reaching out from wherever they were. Or, Kanaya suspected, the memory of that terrible pull. She suspected – they all did – that the HorrorTerrors were gone along with the Green Sun. But Rose still felt their presence, whether real or only a product of her mind.

Nor did Kanaya's dreams remind her of the nightmares that had assailed her after she first became a Rainbow Drinker. Those dreams had been vivid and easily remembered the next day. They were dreams of hunger and power – a longing to run wild and feast – to drink her fill and damn the consequences. She hadn't had one of those dreams in a long time, but she could keenly remember what they felt like.

She might not have the Godhood that Rose had inherited, but she had still attained immortality. She had a forever to run over the darkest, most terrible thoughts in her head. A forever to dwell on the mistakes and terrors of the past, until they consumed her every dreaming – and every waking was filled with the fear of the next time she would be forced under by sleep's dim embrace.

Kanaya put her head in her hands and groaned.

She had dozed – the sun was starting to light the bedroom and a concerned-looking Rose was standing over her.

“Kanaya? Are you... okay?” Rose’s voice was heavy with worry.

Kanaya looked up, blinking thickly. Rose was still wearing the tanktop and underwear she’d slept in – she hadn’t even bothered to dress yet.

“Oh... darling. I must apologize... I seem to have drifted off in my chair.” She affected a laugh that sounded painfully forced to her ears. She hoped Rose didn’t notice.

Rose frowned and sat down directly in Kanaya’s lap. Kanaya shifted slightly and put her arms around Rose.

“So, do you remember the promise I made to you when we got married? About my dreams?” She leaned in and placed her forehead against Kanaya’s. The warmth of her skin was comforting.

“I... believe that I do in fact recall such a promise. The terms of which are still quite clear,” she cleared her throat. “Specifically, you promised that if you were experiencing disturbing dreams you would tell me immediately. You were concerned about your own mental state and wanted my support even if you could not adequately help yourself, as it were.”

Rose let out a soft *mmmhmm* and wrapped her arms around Kanaya’s neck, pulling the troll close to her. Kanaya felt her face flushing.

“I... am not sure I understand this particular line of conversation, although I must say that I do not object to you...” Kanaya felt a soft finger brush her lips as Rose reached up without moving her head from its place on Kanaya’s shoulder.

“Shhhh...” Rose whispered. “Kanaya... can I ask you a question and have you be honest with me?”

Oh no. She’s going to ask...

“Of course, darling,” Kanaya said, muttering around Rose’s finger.

Rose lightly tapped Kanaya's lips and continued. "Kanaya, are you having bad dreams?"

Kanaya started to answer. "Well... I..."

"Before you say anything else... you don't look like you're sleeping well. You almost always go to bed after me. You wake up really early. You always seem tired... and... you get really anxious the closer it gets to bedtime."

Kanaya heard a soft noise come from Rose and realized that her wife was quietly crying.

"And... you always ask me how I slept and whether or not the dreams came back and bothered me. And when they do, you always sit up and hold me until I'm okay again. And I was thinking last night before bed that I don't think I've actually *asked* you how you've been coping with everything."

Kanaya reached out and wrapped her own arms around her wife, squeezing tightly and leaning against Rose's warm core, letting the feeling envelop her.

"Darling," Kanaya said quietly, "what do you mean by '*coping with everything*' exactly?"

Rose sniffled. "Seriously? All the... all the shit we've been through. You've always been there to support me – to support everyone. You're always so... calm about everything. But you've been through the same horrible things that every one of us has... maybe worse than some of us."

Death. Betrayal. Heartbreak. Violence. So, so much bloodshed.

I can't do this right now! I can't!

It's fine! I'm fine! I'm the one who keeps calm – I'm the one who doesn't... who doesn't...

Kanaya felt her eyes burn and her throat close to a pinhole. She fought to keep it inside. Fought until she was shaking.

She was sobbing. Loud and ragged, right into Rose's shoulder. She could feel words coming out, but they were barely even words. Names, thoughts, feelings, fragments of memories that felt like they barely even belonged to her anymore. Everything came tumbling out in an unending stream

and she was sure that this would be it. Rose was going to get up, shrug her shoulders, and decide that the fussy troll with the emotional baggage wasn't worth it anymore.

Kanaya was sobbing. "I don't want you to leave me... I don't want to lose this... I..."

She took a deep breath and the crying subsided just a bit.

"I wanted to be able to be happy. Just... for once. For everything to *just be okay!*"

This is it. She's going to leave me. Just like everyone else did, one way or another.

Kanaya buried her head in Rose's shoulder and sobbed again, feeling her lungs burning as her chest heaved. She wept, and she shook, and she...

...felt a hand gently rubbing her back...

...and heard a whispered *shhhhh* in her ear.

She took a gulping breath, then another. Another sob wracked her body and she took one last deep breath and held it.

Kanaya could feel the touch of her wife's hands along her back – hear the soft *wisp wisp* of Rose's skin gliding along the satin fabric of Kanaya's nightgown.

"*Shhh... shhh...*" A sound – whispered in her ear.

It occurred to Kanaya that Rose had not, in fact, gotten up from where she was sitting. If anything, she had settled down *more* into Kanaya's lap. But this was unthinkable – Kanaya was being weak and blubbery like a little wriggler who had lost her lusus. She was not being a strong, capable wife. She was not being a supportive partner. She was being stupid and needy and... and...

And...

And she folded into her wife's arms and the flood gates opened. "I've been having these dreams for months and I didn't want to tell you... I didn't want you to think I was weak... but I can't

deal with this anymore. I hardly sleep and when I do I have these horrible dreams I can barely even remember. Please... please don't leave me alone..."

Delicate, nimble hands ran their way into her hair and settled at the base of her horns, gently massaging her scalp. Kanaya was, in spite of herself, blushing furiously.

"I... do believe that you are staying rather close to me..." She could only manage the energy to mutter it.

"Mmm-hmm." The reply was muffled by a mouth that was pressed against Kanaya's shoulder.

"I take it that this means you are *not* planning to jump up and leave me at your earliest convenience..."

"Mmm-hmm."

There was a long, heavy lull as Rose fell silent and Kanaya felt the last of the quaking sobs leave her body. She settled into the chair and let herself be soothed.

"Kanaya," Rose said at last. "I think we should go pay June a visit today."

June Egbert lived in a massive house on a hill overlooking a beautiful lake with water as still as the surface of a mirror. She shared this house with Roxy LaLonde – the two of them had been seeing each other since Earth-C was formed and had at some point decided it would simply be more convenient to share a house.

Kanaya was lucid enough to realize that if she were feeling better, she would've gotten a great deal of joy out of visiting the Egbert-LaLonde household at sunset. To see the golden rays sparkling out over the placid water of the lake and kissing the pine forest around them good-night. It would've been a truly marvelous sight, were the dark clouds on her mind not so increasingly in the way.

So instead, she trudged dutifully behind Rose as they climbed the path to the house. June was already there to meet them at the door, dressed in a lavender shirt and pants that Kanaya suspected were actually Roxy's, and with her deep black hair tied back in a sensible bun. June was smiling and gave both Rose and Kanaya a warm hug as she welcomed them inside the home.

“Roxy's gone into town to see a movie, to give us some privacy. She's on-board with this a hundred percent, so no worries at all!” June chipped, leading them into the house's massive living room.

The living room would perhaps be better described using suitably grand terms like “great hall” and opened onto a massive plate-glass window that overlooked the lake. There was a deck outside that actually swept out over the water below, with a straight drop down into the cool depths. It was, Kanaya thought again, stunningly beautiful. She wished she could properly enjoy it.

“So I told Rose some of this when she messaged me,” June said, “but I don't mind repeating myself for your benefit, Kanaya.”

June led them to a set of couches, motioned for the two guests to sit together, and went over to a small end table and grabbed a book.

“See, I’ve been doing a lot of reading lately.” She sounded oddly cheery, but Kanaya had come to expect that out of June. “I was thinking that none of us really got to finish our education. I mean... the game started when we were like sixteen, and it’s not like any of us ever went to college or anything.”

June took the book and seated herself in a small armchair across from the couch where Rose and Kanaya were sitting.

“Thanks to Rose –” June gestured at Rose, who bowed her head and waved a hand “– we’ve got a veritable library of old Earth books. And I’ve been reading through a bunch of psychology and therapy books.”

Kanaya raised a hand and spoke quietly. “Excuse me, but I’m unfamiliar with the human concept of ‘psychology’ as it pertains to our current situation.”

June shrugged. “That makes sense. Psychology in this case would be... I guess learning about how people think and feel. But I wanted specifically to focus on helping us to cope with what we’ve all been through.”

She turned the cover of the book so that Rose and Kanaya could see it. “*PTSD: A Therapeutic Approach using Modern Methods*” was written on a cover that featured a shadowed figure bowing its head. June placed the book down.

“What is P-T-S-D?” Kanaya asked. It felt like June was talking *at* her rather than talking *to* her – using a lot of human terms in a way that she didn’t feel she could fully relate to.

June nodded. “Kanaya... I’m sorry. I shouldn’t just throw stuff out like this.”

She shifted in the chair and looked back and forth between Rose and Kanaya. Kanaya felt Rose take her hand and grasp it softly.

“So,” June continued, “PTSD stands for post-traumatic stress disorder – it’s a human thing but I figure it probably applies to trolls too. What happens is that when you go through stuff that’s harmful to your brain, it leaves... uh... like a mark... on your brain. It messes up how you

process and deal with stuff. So sometimes you find yourself responding in weird ways to normal things, or re-living what you went through, or having bad dreams about stuff... it can cause all kind of problems!”

The dreams I can never remember. Like a scar in my mind...

Kanaya felt hot tears running down her cheeks. Rose saw and silently wiped them away with a corner of her shirt. June had reached behind her to another table and produced a box of tissues without another word. She placed it in front of Kanaya and smiled softly.

“I think that, perhaps,” Kanaya began. “Perhaps I might be afflicted with this post-traumatic stress disorder. I have terrible dreams but cannot always remember what they are about. I am growing increasingly afraid to go to sleep.”

June reached a hand out and patted Kanaya’s knee. “It’s okay. I know how difficult life on Alternia was... and the SGrub session... and... everything that happened after. I think it’s a lot for one mind to have to deal with.”

“But...” Kanaya stammered, “...I don’t want to be weak! Rose needs me to be there for her too! She has the dreams about the HorrorTerrors and... sometimes I worry what will happen if that becomes intolerable to her. I am required to be strong for my human wife... even if I...” Kanaya trailed off and looked down, her eyes shaded.

“Kanaya, do you think Rose is weak?” June asked. Kanaya shook her head.

“Okay. And do you think she’s not strong and capable because you help her when she’s having nightmares?” Again, Kanaya shook her head.

Kanaya looked over at Rose, who was smiling at her and nodding.

June kept talking. “Asking for help isn’t weakness. Getting someone to support you when you can’t do it yourself isn’t weakness. Friends are supposed to be there to help each other and support each other. That’s not always going to mean the same thing – sometimes you might be the one who’s pulling everyone along... but sometimes it might be you that needs to be carried.”

Rose looked directly into Kanaya's eyes and Kanaya could see the moisture of newly-formed tears glistening there. "Kanaya, I love you so much. I've loved you since I was a teenager, and you've always been there for me when I needed you. You helped me... you helped me come back from some very dark places..."

Images flashed through Kanaya's mind – visions of a broken bottle and the smell of alcohol sitting stale in the air. Visions of blood and the crackling of energy that should never have been contained in a mortal vessel. Times that she had almost lost Rose to demons of varying kinds.

Rose was smiling at her through the tears in her eyes. "Please let me... let us help you get through this."

June nodded along with Rose's words. "It's not going to be easy, Kanaya. Rose has had to walk down this same road and it's taken her a long time to get where she is. I don't want you to get discouraged – we're here for you!"

"What do I need to do?" Kanaya asked, her voice trembling. She felt so small... so helpless.

"Why don't you start by telling me about the last dream you had – as much as you can remember."

It was blood again – her blood. Choking... inside her throat and mouth...

Kanaya was awake again, sweat making her nightshirt cling to her torso. She looked around the room, looked down, and saw Rose slumbering peacefully next to her.

She did not get up out of the bed. She did not silently glide to her armchair and ponder until the dawn broke over the edge of the world. Instead, she remembered.

It's not going to be easy, Kanaya.

She reached down and gently rocked Rose's shoulders. Rose turned and opened sleep-bleary eyes and squinted.

“Dreams?”

Kanaya nodded. Rose wiped a bit of crust out of her eye and sat up in the bed, shifting over to put her arms around Kanaya.

“Lie down, Kanaya,” Rose said, patting her lap. Kanaya obediently lay down on her back with her head in Rose’s lap, careful not to poke Rose with her horns.

“Do you want to talk about what happened in the dream?”

Kanaya shook her head. “Just... just talk to me for a little bit.”

Rose smiled and looked down at her wife. Slowly, she ran her hands through Kanaya’s hair, around the base of her horns, and down to her neck. She continued this small circuit as she spoke softly.

“Did you hear that the Sea Nation is actually opening a university?” Rose asked, her voice light and musical. “Jane’s going to be one of their professors – teaching culinary arts, of course.”

Kanaya laughed and smiled up at Rose. “That is amusing. I can see her fitting into that role quite well.”

Rose smiled. “Yeah... and of course Karkat and Dave have been talking about getting married too. They’ve been seeing each other for a while now.”

“This I was aware of,” Kanaya said. “Karkat has been messaging me to ask for advice on a number of related topics. I believe he is contemplating the human ritual of a ‘proposal’ at some point.”

At this, Rose laughed and closed her eyes. “Oh shit... I can actually see that happening. Karkat gets down on one knee with a ring at the same time that Dave does or something. It’ll be like something out of a romcom.”

Kanaya actually found herself giggling. “Karkat is rather fond of that genre of movie. I believe he would find your comparison to be eminently flattering.”

The conversation lapsed into silence for a bit. Kanaya could feel Rose's fingers tracing lines along her head and neck – it was a nice feeling. She felt... safe. Trusting.

“Rose?” Kanaya felt like her voice had gotten smaller. “May I... disclose something to you.”

“Of course,” Rose said.

“My dreams... they are often...” Kanaya swallowed heavily. “They are often of my own death. Not in the future, possible sense of the word but in the sense of my actual experiences prior to being re-awakened as a Rainbow Drinker. I believe the closest analog might be to that of drowning... I taste my own blood and it reminds me of the time before that taste was one I had come to enjoy.”

She found herself shivering involuntarily and Rose stopped rubbing her head and placed both hands on Kanaya's shoulders, supporting the troll.

“In these dreams I feel like I am always about to die and never awaken again. Even though I know, intellectually, that my death was only a temporary inconvenience... I still find myself terrified of re-living the process.”

Kanaya sighed. “There are other things I dream about – things I lived through, or witnessed. Sometimes... sometimes things I think perhaps belong to other timelines, even. But it is the dreams of my own first death that I keep coming back to.”

There was a light kiss on her forehead and she glanced up to see Rose. The tears were in her eyes.

“Oh, darling, I did not mean to cause you to cry!” Kanaya started to sit up when she felt Rose press firmly down on her shoulders and shake her head.

“Kanaya, please don't,” she said. “I care about you... sometimes I'm going to cry when you're hurt, or when you're sad, or when you have to deal with something unpleasant. Because I love you. It's not your fault... it's something that comes with the territory.”

“The... territory...” Kanaya said, her voice trailing off. “The territory of... loving me?”

She felt her face flushing and she knew that if the room weren't so dark, Rose would be able to see the deep jade blush in her cheeks. She found herself smiling.

Rose bent over in the dim bedroom and kissed Kanaya's lips, softly. Kanaya closed her eyes and let herself fall away into the kiss, not wanting it to end.

“That's the thing about scars,” June was saying. “They do often eventually heal – it just takes a lot of time and care and patience. And we can learn to deal with their presence even when they're not fully healed.”

Once again, Rose and Kanaya were seated on the couch across from June in her armchair. Roxy had, once again, conveniently decided that she wanted to go see a movie in town (the Carapacians had re-made Die Hard from a vague description Dave had provided and it was apparently just as awesomely ridiculous as that sounded).

It had been two months since Kanaya had started seeing June for... therapy? Was that even the right word for it? Kanaya supposed that was a good-enough description of the process and whether or not June was professionally qualified to offer such services seemed like it didn't matter all that much when she was one of this world's creators. Besides, she'd obviously been taking this seriously. The single book on PTSD had ballooned into a pile of books on a variety of subjects and June's manner had steadily gotten more impressive every time Kanaya spoke to her.

June was still talking. “You said it felt like a scar on your mind – like something that was always there and you'd sometimes bump into it and have to deal with it. I feel like that's maybe a good way to describe what you're experiencing. What you went through has left a mark on you, and by talking about it and telling us what you're going through you are helping your mind to cope with that in a healthy way.”

She flipped through a book and looked up at Kanaya. “Today, though, I’d like to talk about triggers.”

Kanaya looked confused – June continued. “Is there anything in particular that... reminds you of what you went through. Even something small... a sight, a sound... a smell.”

The perfume.

“Yes,” Kanaya said. “I was... I was wearing a specific perfume that day. When I died for the first time. It *used* to be my favorite scent.”

She was careful to emphasize the word “used” – precision of language was important in such matters.

June nodded. “Okay, that’s fair. Do you still use the same perfume?”

Kanaya shook her head. “No but... I feel bad about it. Rose found it once and said she really liked it. But I could never bring myself to put it on...”

Kanaya’s hand was being squeezed and she looked down to see Rose’s hand on hers.

“Throw it out, Kanaya,” Rose said, matter-of-factly. Kanaya blinked.

“Darling?”

“Throw it out. If it makes you feel bad, then I hate it and want to burn every atom of it out of existence.” She grinned and Kanaya felt herself smiling as well.

“As you wish, my darling. I shall endeavour to remove every molecular trace of the aforementioned perfume from existence!”

Rose laughed, and it was one of the best sounds Kanaya had ever heard in her life.

Kanaya found herself jolted once again into the world of waking and...

...and there was nothing. No halting terror. No memories half-seen of a nightmare world where she was drowning in her own life essence. No nameless fear clawing at the back of her throat.

She was awake, lying in bed, with her arms wrapped around Rose. Rose's head was tucked neatly up under Kanaya's chin, resting against her shoulder. Rose was snoring a little – something that Kanaya found almost unspeakably adorable in that moment. It was peaceful and quiet – the pre-dawn light was just starting to make itself known and the birds were chirping outside, beginning their own daily routine.

Kanaya didn't wake Rose. Instead, she lay there with her eyes open, staring at the ceiling. It had been a week now – a week without once being pulled out of her rest by visions of the past. A week of peace and quiet.

June had warned her not to expect the dreams to just go away and not come back – she had referred to this talk as “managing expectations.” The dreams would still come, from time-to-time, regardless of how long it had been. But still, they would come less often. They would hurt less. They would occupy less and less of her existence.

Just like how Rose's visions of the HorrorTerrors grew gradually fainter and fainter – more distant – less invasive. This too would pass, June told her, in its own time. Instead of worrying about how to *cure* herself, Kanaya focused on figuring out ways to cope with what she was going through. And Rose had been there every step of the way.

Kanaya freed a hand from around Rose and ran her fingers in under the loose curls of her wife's hair, leaning in and closing her eyes. Rose snorted softly and Kanaya had to suppress a laugh – her wife was being adorable again.

The scent of Rose's soap wafted into Kanaya's nose. It reminded her of so many things – the day that she first met Rose in person. The time they had shared their first kiss while trapped on the meteor, both still so young and scared of what could possibly happen to them. When they had made love for the first time, nervous and hesitant with each other. When they had decided to get

married on Earth-C, even though the tradition was basically meaningless with few humans around to even know what it meant. A flood of memories, all at once, and Kanaya felt her eyes burning with tears. But these weren't ones she wanted to push away out of shame.

A sudden and, in retrospect, blindingly obvious realization hit her. It was just like the horrid perfume she'd thrown away, but in reverse. Because of course it was – because that was how brains worked, apparently. For every sight or sound or smell that brought back the worst memories she had, there was one that brought joy to her heart.

So Kanaya lay there, feeling more than a little bit foolish, and let that soft scent fill her sensitive nose. The feel of Rose's hair under her fingers brought other memories back as well – some of a decidedly... *red* nature, for lack of a suitable human term.

Rose stirred, and reached out in her sleep to place an arm awkwardly across Kanaya's stomach. The troll didn't move, nor did she reach out to fix Rose's arm. Instead, she simply smiled to herself and let the subtle weight of her wife's body press comfortably against her. She soaked in the warmth, contrasting against the cool morning air, and hoped desperately that this moment would stretch out into an eternity.

Of course, it wouldn't – that wasn't how anything worked. But they could chain enough of these moments together that, in effect, they would have an eternity of them to work with.

I can live with that, I think.

Kanaya let herself drift deeper into that warm feeling – let herself be carried off on the currents of sleep. As her mind wandered twixt the worlds of waking and dreaming, bits of a poem Rose had read once came to her, unbidden.

The woods are lovely, dark and deep,
But I have promises to keep,
And miles to go before I sleep,
And miles to go before I sleep.

Or miles to go before I wake, maybe.

Yes, that worked too. Maybe it was the sleep coming in to addle her senses and draw her back down into pleasant slumber, but it felt *right* somehow.

I have a life I've yet to make,

And miles to go before I wake...

Kanaya snuggled up against Rose and felt herself dropping down – she would not dream that night. The future is often uncertain... but know that for at least this moment, Kanaya Maryam found peace.

The End

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